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HISTORY
OF THE
MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN
AND ITS
DEDICATION.

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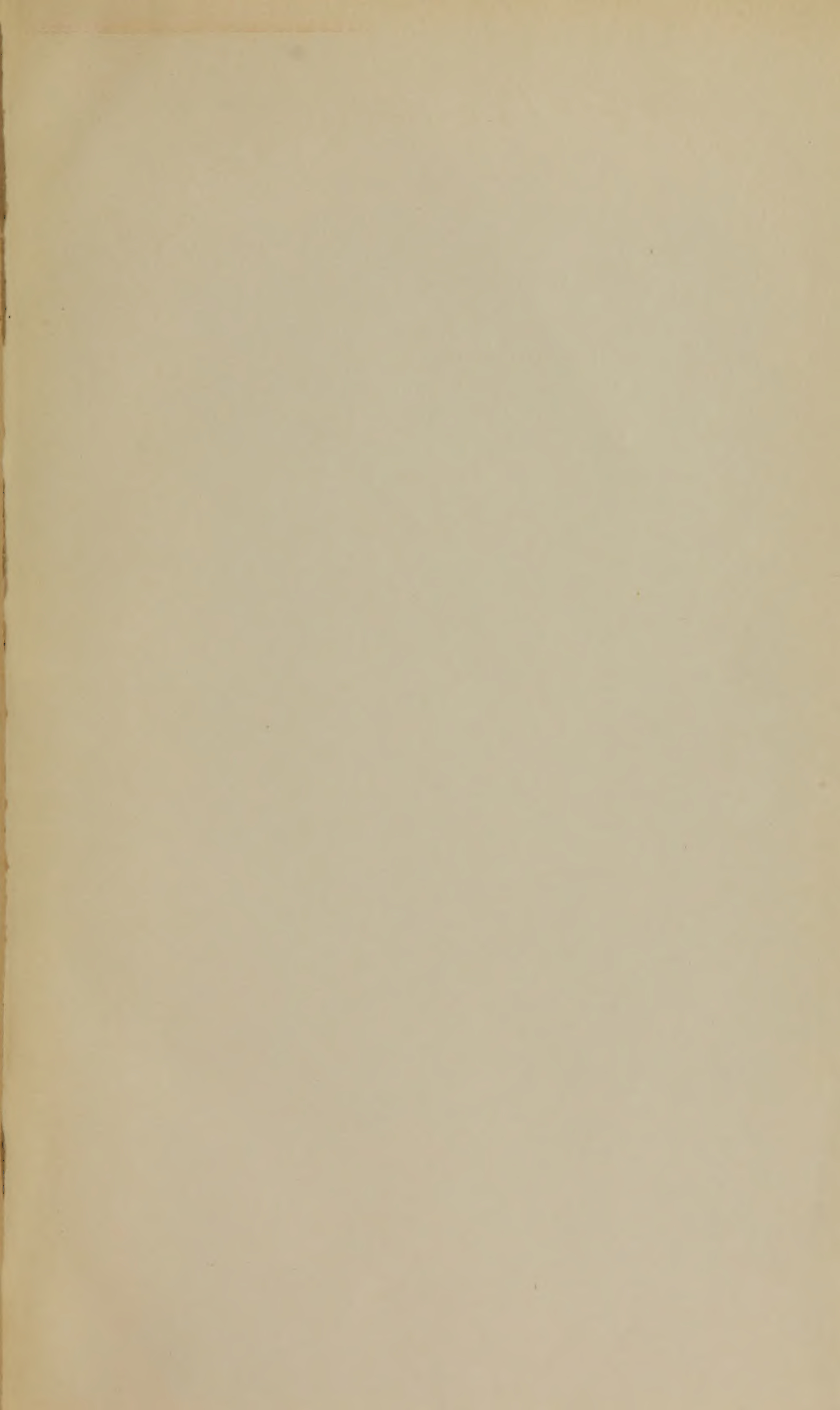


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HISTORY

OF THE

MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

Erected to the Memory of

RODERICK ADAMS WHITE, M.D.

BY HIS WIFE

ELIZABETH HUNGERFORD WHITE

AND THE

DEDICATORY SERVICE, SEPT. 6, 1892

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RODERICK ADAMS WHITE, M.D.,

WAS BORN

IN ENFIELD OCT.

24, 1809. HE PRACTISED

MEDICINE IN THE TOWN OF SIMS-

BURY FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS. HIS DEATH

OCCURRED DECEMBER 2, 1887. HIS FUNERAL SERVICES WERE

HELD IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. THE REV.

HORACE WINSLOW, THE REV. D. STUART

DODGE, AND THE REV. CHARLES

PITMAN CROFT OFFI-

CIATED.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY
OF
DR. RODERICK ADAMS WHITE.

BY REV. CHARLES PITMAN CROFT.

At last the blow that so many have been dreading has fallen upon us, and we are following to the grave the body of him whom we all honored and loved, who was to us the kind physician, the trusted neighbor, the beloved friend. We pause a brief hour in our journey thither to pay our tribute of friendship and love, to look upon his benign, familiar face, and say a few kindly words over his dear silent body—not that he needs our broken speech, but our souls and all that is within us demand opportunity to pay the homage that is due. I do not believe there ever lived a man in this town who was more familiarly known in these homes and more honored and respected by all classes than our good and ever faithful Dr. White. Springing from Puritan stock, he possessed superior endowments specially fitting him for the work to which he was called and in which he made life a fair and honorable success. He had a nature that was fine and pure, a mind quick and responsive, and as the years have rolled away the people have followed him and trusted him and called after him and loved him. We have ever recognized in him a gentleman, quite of the old school, polite, kind, benevolent, and of few words.

Dr. White was born in Enfield, this State, seventy-eight years ago the twenty-fourth day of October last. Coming from the old Puritan stock he inherited many characteristics of the early settlers of our country. Strong and determined

when once he set his face to a mark, surely, if not easily, overcoming early disadvantages he decided upon his course in life and pursued it with unflagging interest. By dint of economy and hard work, he laid in early life the foundation of his professional career, and trained his mind to thought and study, and kept his heart open and welcome to all the good angels that wait upon a soul bent on doing good. He received his medical education at Pittsfield and New Haven, and began the practice of medicine more than fifty years ago. He spent a short time in Manchester, this State, and a few years in Granville, Mass., coming to this town about forty-five years ago. In 1844 he married Miss Elizabeth Hungerford of Wolcottville. They established their home among us and from that day to this the good doctor and his faithful wife have been held in the highest esteem among the people — living a plain, honest life, full of kind deeds to all the families of this vicinity.

I am not here to say what the good doctor would never allow to be said — that he was great as the world measures greatness. He never made much excitement in the world, on the contrary, avoided excited states and feeling; he looked at all things with a cool, clear head. He was not given to commotions and strifes. He was not an agitator, nor a theorist, nor fond of controversy, nor anything that seemed like differing from others, but rather he cultivated the fraternal feeling and was fond of good fellowship with men; and everything that tended to make the community better and bind the families in closer union received his sanction and support. He had the instincts of a true, refined man in that he never obtruded his opinions upon others, never insisted upon his own personal rights at the sacrifice of others' rights and feelings, but yielded, sometimes we thought too readily yielded, to the selfishness and almost impositions of others. He was so reticent and modest that he seemed to depreciate himself. Alas! is it not often the case that such men live in retirement, and the world never knows their worth, while men of far inferior minds, far less worthy, crowd themselves to positions of prominence. Dr. White was the soul of honor, and he scorned pretence and sham in his profession, and in whatever engaged his attention. He

had no tricks to play upon people, if they wanted his services, all well and good, he at once became anxious for their safety and welfare,—if they preferred another to help them in suffering he was the same true man and allowed no word of censure to pass his lips. He never thrust out his hand to smite any man. His nature was so gentle and his spirit so patient that under the severest provocations he allowed no unkind word to escape him. He was habitually considerate of others, and was careful that his judgment of others had no bitterness and his words no venom. His fine sense of honor led him to identify himself with the cause of the weak. He could not give offense and was grieved when others were offended without cau

In fact, his influence was exerted toward peace, never outspoken and demonstrative, but willing and firm, and the same spirit characterized him in all the varied relations of life. What he was at home and off duty, he was everywhere; the same dignified, modest bearing possessed him. What he was to-day he was yesterday and all other days, and if you ask me how he died, I will say exactly as he had lived,—quiet, peaceful, undemonstrative. There was never any flutter in his movements while living and none in dying. He impressed you as a man who knew what he was about while living, and that same calm undisturbed looking on, was apparent as he lay quietly breathing his last. He talked of the event of dying with no more anxiety apparently, than he would of a journey to another land—and why should he? He had done his work and done it well, and now was listening to a higher call. The best preparation for dying is right living.

All time is holy time to such a man, and Sunday is no holier than Wednesday. Duty is the sacred altar and the suffering and sorrow of others his churchly opportunity. He met death as a man whose motives and aims were right, and probably felt the solemn weight of life's duties no more as he faced the unseen, then when he was standing by the bedside of his patient. Such a man feels at all times that he is linked to the Infinite God above him and he drinks in the Infinite thought about him. He does not *profess* anything; his religion, like his calling, is a part of

himself—an atmosphere in which he lives. The doctor was the same affable gentleman one year with another and in one place as another. Whether visiting the sick or attending churchly duties, or mingling in civil and ordinary affairs, he impressed you with his quiet, dignified bearing and his uniform courtesy. In connection with his medical practice, it has been said that he never crowded the poor for compensation, yet ever ready to respond to their call upon him. No doubt his benevolent nature was often taken advantage of, but he was patient under it all and never threateningly said, “Pay me what thou owest.” In matters of church he was unselfish but interested. The ministers had in him a *faithful* if not an enthusiastic support. He spoke well of them and was pained at any slight given them, or at any unjust criticism upon their work.

In the early years of his practice the doctor became interested in religious things. Into his religion he carried the same sense of honor and right that characterized him in all other relations. Truth his governing motive everywhere. Piety the right performance of a common duty, and spirituality was the indwelling of Divine truth appearing again in the outward man, in exaltation and righteousness of character, and *character* was his word and aim. I am glad that I can hold him up before you as a Christian. His was a life from its earliest days in which we should hardly expect any marked religious change and yet at different times he seemed to have been the subject of deep religious experiences. I have already said his words were few when he came down to the last trial. He faced the inevitable as one prepared for the best inheritance. How fortunate that a man attends to the solemn concerns of his soul while his reason is unclouded, and no fears crowding upon him. Why do we feel so sure of his future? I can give no better answer than that contained in those confident words of Scripture, “The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that *doeth* the will of God abideth forever.” We feel sure then that for him, life is all retouched again; for him there is life, progress, and enduring satisfaction, for the simple reason that while on earth he began the true life that knows no end and no diminution of power. There is no break in life’s

continuity. What is rooted here comes to fruitage there. Death is only a point in existence, a promotion of soul, a rekindling of genius.

And now we bid our kind friend and beloved physician farewell, for a day. We shall meet him to-morrow. We stand for the last time over his silent body, but with the sweet assurance that death has not touched the better part. His life-current was ever moving toward better things and better states, rather than toward self, and now will survive this physical change and re-appear in the beauty and grandeur of the heavenly world. His familiar figure disappears from our streets in the dimness and mystery beyond. We follow his departing steps and seem almost to outline his face and form in the country which lies beyond the boundary of death—for we know that he lives forever, and we behold him moving onward to richer and grander experiences. We shall miss his familiar figure on our streets; we shall miss his welcome visits in our homes; we shall miss his kind and benevolent face in our congregations; we shall think of him and call after him when darkness and shadow brood our homes; we shall call to mind the days that he stood by us, and helped us bear our disappointments and sufferings. Into our homes he has gone when we were trembling with fear. He has been with us when we were prostrated, and identified himself with us in our suffering, watched with us many of our loved ones pass away, and folded their hands in death. How unspeakably dear to us such ministries and such ministers. The *family physician* has a warm place in the affections of the home. He comes when danger is at hand, when the heart is pressed with anxieties and eager for a word of comfort. He comes at all times and seasons. He knows how to ease pain, to soothe sorrow, and make death more bearable. If he has the hope of a Christian and can point the sufferer to a better world he has a marvelous power; he becomes the good physician, the kind nurse, and Christian minister. His profession at once becomes the greatest of all professions.

Faithful Luke and good physician are synonymous terms. Fidelity is a marked characteristic of a real born physician. He stops not to measure his steps; the cry of

pain and suffering is the divine call to him. He listens to the story of helplessness and offers relief. We need Christian physicians in our families, men of Christian character and reverent bearing. Men who respect the ordinances of religion and know how to apply the tender ministries of faith. The good physician, moving about the sick room with ease of motion and grace of tender speech, is certainly one of God's best gifts to the world of suffering mankind.

So we bid adieu to our beloved neighbor and friend, and drop our tears of sorrow over our kind Christian physician. We loved him for what he was in himself and for what he was to us. Pleasant will be our memories of the faithful Doctor White. Long will his name abide in our homes. Never will we forget his self-sacrifices, his long, fatiguing journeys by night and day, through winter's storm and summer's heat in response to our call. We shall never forget his gentle ministrations to our dear ones, many of whom have been gathered into the home beyond.

Pleasant are the paths that are behind us but we shall lose nothing as we walk on in faith and hope and trust. The millenium is onward and not rearward. Brighter days are yet to come. We have had only whispering hints of God's revelations to this world. There are no failures in the divine plan. No retrograde movements for the soul that is immured in God's thoughts. Be sure of it, every honest life is finally and eternally triumphant, and no merit shall go uncrowned. May God help us in the coming years, and as we go into the awful mystery of the future may we have a quiet but strong faith in Jesus the Christ.

REV. EDWARD HUNGERFORD'S HISTORY OF MRS. WHITE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hungerford White was born in Wolcottville, now called Torrington, Connecticut, in the year 1817. Her father, John Hungerford, was for a long time one of the leading manufacturers of the place—at first of woolen goods, and afterwards of rolled brass and brassware. The latter industry was the pioneer of the great metal industries, which have made the wealth of the Naugatuck valley. Her

mother, the first wife of John Hungerford, was Elizabeth Webster of Harwinton, in the same State. A brother by the same marriage was named after the father, and by the second marriage of her father, after the early death of her mother, a large circle of brothers and sisters was gradually formed in the old homestead on the village green. Here Elizabeth grew to young womanhood, and developed a taste for reading and for such accomplishments as were within reach of the young country misses of the time. Her school advantages were of the better class, and her friendships were choice. A large circle of young ladies, growing up in the same and neighboring communities, entered into relations of intimacy with her, the interest of which continued through life. When twenty-seven years old she was married to Dr. White, and immediately removed with him to the scene of his practice in Weatogue and the surrounding regions. Here the pair spent the remainder of their lives, seldom going far away, and living in the quiet of the country physician's home. In her earlier years Mrs. White was active as a member of the social circle to which she belonged, and especially in connection with the church of which she was a member. In later years some tendencies manifest in her younger days developed gradually into increasing infirmity of body, until at last she became a sufferer, confined to her house, and dependent in large measure on the kindly care of her husband and the faithfulness of a single female servant. During all these years of deprivation she exhibited unusual self-control and patience, and her taste for literature was a continual relief from the weary monotony of a forced inactivity. She survived her husband by but little more than two years, and in her will she made provision for the memorial fountain, in connection with the dedication of which this sketch is issued. The motives that inspired this provision were worthy of the character which Mrs. White had always maintained. With them neither the desire for show nor an ambition for notoriety could find place. Among the gifts she wished to make for religious purposes she felt it to be fitting that a life of prolonged and honorable usefulness, such as was

that of her husband, be held up as an example, and that in doing something to perpetuate the memory of it she was contributing to the perpetuation of a moral power. The plan of such a fountain as this appealed to those higher religious and moral traits which gave beauty and consistency to her retired and simple life.

Mrs. White survived her husband about two years, and in her last will made the following provision :

"I desire to leave a memorial of my late husband in the community where he so long lived and practiced his profession, and for that purpose I have determined that it would be suitable and proper to erect in the village of Weatogue a memorial fountain, supplied with running water; and I, therefore, give and bequeath said other part to my brothers Edward and Frank, and to my neighbor and friend, Charles P. Croft, in trust, to be used and expended in erecting, at a place to be determined by them, in the village of Weatogue, a memorial fountain of such design and material as they shall think proper, and in supplying the same with running water."

In accordance with this provision, the trustees named above selected the design of the present fountain. It was constructed by the W. N. Flynt Granite Company of Monson, Mass. The material is of dark Monson granite of even color. The rock-work around the foundation is built of rip-rap. The polished die is eight-cut on three sides, and made to receive the two marble panels; Esculapius (bas-relief) on one side, and the Healing Serpent (bas-relief) on another, and Portrait Medallion (bas-relief), Dr. and Mrs. White, on another; and on the remaining side the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF
RODERICK A. WHITE, M.D.,
WHO DIED DEC. 2, 1887.
THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN OF THIS TOWN
FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS.
ERECTED BY HIS WIFE,
ELIZABETH HUNGERFORD WHITE.

Defunctus adhuc ministrat.

The large basin is octagonal, and is eight-cut and moulded, with a lion's head cut in solid on each angle, with $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch holes drilled through mouth for the proper discharge of water. The three shafts between the three top basins are cut, and each space between basins is of one stone. The three upper basins are circular, and moulded

and carved. Curb for ground basin is circular in plan, and about thirty feet in diameter.

The water supply for the fountain is brought from springs on the land of Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, about one mile away.

The Dedicatory Services were on Sept. 6, 1892, at 2 P. M., and were largely attended by the friends of Dr. and Mrs. White.

The following programme was carried out :

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music by the Band.

Opening Address and Welcome, . . . *Rev. D. S. Dodge, President.*

Prayer, *Rev. Mr. Hoag, Simsbury.*

Music by the Simsbury Band.

Historical Address, . . . *Dr. Gurdon W. Russell, Hartford.*

Address, *Dr. Horace Fuller.*

Music.

Address — The Fountain — its design, etc., and

presentation in behalf of Trustees, *Rev. Edward Hungerford,
Burlington, Vt.*

Address in behalf of Citizens, . . . *Rev. Horace Winslow.*

Music.

Address, *Dr. Stearns, Hartford.*

Address, *Dr. Storrs, Hartford.*

Address in behalf of Connecticut Humane Society,

read by *Rodney Dennis, Pres., or Dr. G. P. Davis, Vice-Pres.*

Music.

Address, *Mr. Frank Hungerford, New Britain.*

Brief remarks by

W. N. Flynt of Monson, Rev. C. E. Stowe, and Rev. C. P. Croft.

Music.

Concluding by Band playing and Audience singing America.

REMARKS OF THE CHAIRMAN, D. STUART DODGE.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

It is the pleasant duty assigned me to-day, to extend to you all a cordial welcome and to introduce to you the friends from other places, who have come to unite with us in this joyous celebration.

The traveler in the Orient often finds in the great cities, in the shady places of broad valleys and along the slopes of

the mountains, flowing fountains, sometimes costly and beautiful, erected to perpetuate the memory of some benevolent and well-known man. The busy inhabitants or weary travelers slake their thirst at the gushing waters and learn to link their gratitude with the name carved upon the stone above them.

With something of this feeling the monument before us has been placed at this roadside. Certainly it is typical of what he loved to do, whose name it bears, to add to the comfort and happiness of all who dwell in this entire region ; and this, we trust, is to be the mission of this fountain.

We recognize in it also another indication of the truer and better sentiment now asserting itself in this country, and claiming that monuments can appropriately be raised to others than exclusively military heroes. There are heroes in other walks of life,—men and women—who have exhibited, in their finest quality, the virtues that ennoble humanity and bring blessings to all.

In this sacred circle, we are reminded to-day, members of the Medical Profession often occupy conspicuous places. The man whose name is upon our lips made no pretension to greatness. He was not a brilliant surgeon nor a gifted specialist. When such services were needed, he unhesitatingly sought the aid of his distinguished brethren in our neighboring city.

Dr. White was only a good old-fashioned country doctor. But how much that implies ! What a well-rounded familiarity with the ordinary ills that afflict our race ! What readiness in the use of common remedies ! What quiet courage in meeting emergencies single-handed ! What knowledge of the homes of the district, of the children that fill them, of nervous and worn mothers and feeble old men !

How well he knew every road and with what patience and self-denial he made his way from house to house, trusted and beloved by all !

Who will ever forget meeting the old man as he drove through the woods or over these hills upon his unceasing rounds ? And when he had reached the house and tied his faithful horse to the hitching-post, with what dignity he

would bring in the well-worn saddle-bags and after his kindly social greetings and careful professional inquiries,—his diagnosis was usually right, too—who will forget how seriously he would adjust his spectacles and weigh out or pour out the health-giving potions!

When the call of duty came, he never thought of sparing himself. Cold and stormy nights often saw him tracing his way along these lonely roads;—sometimes no doubt when he had too good reason to believe it was only a case of baby's first tooth or because Tommy had spent that afternoon under an apple tree.

Dr. White's character had also, and in no meagre degree, what we may rightly term "the beauty of holiness." He would have been the last to claim any superiority of religious gifts or attainments, for he was most honest and modest in all thought of himself; but it was always noticed that his tall and venerable form was rarely missing from the familiar place in the village church; and when he entered a stricken household, he was sure to bring into the sick chamber something of the brightness and strength of the Christian faith.

We are glad to have this monument near our village school. Not many feet from where we are now gathered—just at the crossing of these roads, once stood the district schoolhouse, where many, who afterwards reached some prominence, learned their first lessons, and, perhaps, their last. If I may be permitted a personal allusion, it was at this school my own grandfather, Anson G. Phelps, agonized over Webster's spelling book and the Rule of Three. In his declining years, when his grandsons were studying at New Haven, he once laughingly said to us, "It is all very well for you boys to talk of Yale College; but if you had only graduated at Weatogue College there might be some hope of your amounting to something." Now we want the boys and girls who attend the school over there, to "amount to something,"—and we believe the presence of this monument will be a daily reminder that they too can live true and useful lives and leave their names cherished in the homes of this community, and perhaps be known in the wider world beyond.

It is likewise to be understood that, in erecting this fountain, no disparagement is intended towards other honorable methods of providing a water supply. We speak with all reverence of that venerable institution so dear to the heart of every school boy, particularly upon declamation-day, "the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket that hung in the well."

The long "sweep" of a comfortable sample of just such an ancient well looks over upon us from the other side of yonder road. Trailing vines are tenderly draping its aged form as it gracefully retires from business; and you can see how it wears a smile of welcome for the happy successor, which we here to-day install.

For the graceful proportions and solid material of our monument we owe much to the combined taste and judgment of all the Trustees; but it is no disparagement to his associates to say that our chief thanks are due to the one, who, though not a relative, enjoyed for so many years the warm personal confidence of Dr. and Mrs. White, and whose energy and public spirit have brought this work to a successful completion,—our friend and fellow-townsmen, the Rev. Charles Pitman Croft.

I wish, likewise, to call your attention to the fact that the drinking fountain, which is the serviceable annex of this monument, has not only facilities to make the refreshing water accessible to the school children or to weary wayfarers, and a trough where horses can drink without inconvenience to themselves or their drivers, but it also has special arrangements for thirsty dogs, who are too often neglected.

This humane feature has been added at the desire of a lady who lives near the fountain and is known to us all as the tender friend of every dumb animal. In fact, if the over-worked horses and abused dogs and cats of the land could only be told how earnest a champion they have in this modest hamlet, they would make haste to hold here a general convention and pass unanimous resolutions of thanks for her unfailing interest in their necessities; and, after adjournment, they would all want to spend their remaining days under her protecting care.



And, now, it is most fitting, upon such an occasion, that we should give public expression to our devout recognition of the Giver of every good gift in providing for our use the abundant springs, which supply this fountain with pure and living water. We will, therefore, ask the Rev. Mr. Hoag, Pastor of the Methodist Church, at Simsbury, to lead us in a prayer of thanksgiving.

PRAYER BY REV. E. C. HOAG.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, it is fitting that we recognize Thee in all the events of life, and especially in those events that come to us with the enriching benedictions of Thy grace. We remember in this hour that "every good and every perfect gift" cometh from Thee. As individuals and as a community we are always in Thy thought, always the recipients of Thy loving favor—so much so that we are constrained to say, as we think of our relation to Thee, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all our days." We thank Thee for the largeness and fullness and constancy of Thy blessings. They are ever coming to us through unexpected avenues, and they come always as gladdening and helpful ministrations to all Thy creatures. They are such as remind us continually of the gracious and all-prevailing fatherliness of Thy heart. They show us the "abundance of Thy goodness,"; they reveal the certainty of Thy promises; they merit more of our gratitude than we are wont to return unto Thee. In the amplitude of Thy blessings we feel sure that Thou art desirous of our happiness, and we see that Thou hast planned largely for our comfort and well-being.

We have come before Thee to commemorate the gift of one who has "gone the way of all the earth"; of one who devoted his life, while here, to the alleviation of a suffering humanity. And this service we think of as acceptable in Thy sight, for it was in imitation of the Great Physician whom Thou didst send into the world, who "went about doing good," healing both body and soul. We feel sure that Thou art well pleased with all the ministries that

men, following in the footsteps of Thy Son, are given to for the good of humanity.

In this fountain which we accept and dedicate to-day do we gratefully recognize a continuation of the ministry of its giver to this community. "He being dead, yet speaketh" in the refreshing water that comes flowing through the channels of this fountain into our midst. But back of all that is human and visible in this gift would we recognize the hand of God. Thou art the inspiration of all the philanthropies of men. They are an outgrowth of our Christian heritage. They are prompted by the goodly spirit of the gospel of Thy Son, which as a leaven permeates the human heart, and works out through it Thy gracious and beneficent designs. We trace all our blessings and rich inheritances back to Thee, and we accept them with gratitude as from Thy hand.

And now, while we wait in Thy presence, thankful for the occasion that has brought us here, we remember the words of the Son of God, who said: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." We come, O Christ, and as we come we remember also that Thou offerest the "LIVING WATER," of which if any man drink he shall never thirst. And "the water which Thou givest shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." Evermore give us from this source! And as we shall come here, from time to time, in the future, resting for a moment under the shadow of this fountain, and quenching our thirst from its flowing stream, may we be led to realize our need of the purer water of life; and so may this earthly fountain preach unto us the gospel of the divine Son of God. Amen.

ADDRESS BY GURDON W. RUSSELL, M.D.

I do not obtain as much of the early history of Dr. White as I wished, and considerable investigation has not added much to the few points which were well known. If so much difficulty occurs with those whom we have known for a long time, how much greater must it be when we look back a hundred or two years, and seek to learn all that con-

cerns them of public or domestic life. Probably if I had lived in this town and had sought out many of its inhabitants, much more information might have been gained, and especially about his early life, of which I know but little. But I doubt if much would have been learned from his lips, for he was not one of those communicative men, whose talk is greatly concerning themselves, and who are ever ready to give you a history of their lives, without hesitation or abbreviation. And this would arise, certainly with our friend, from no desire of concealment, but from a sense of modesty and an unwillingness to speak, or to think, much about himself.

Roderick Adams White was born in Enfield October 24, 1809. He was the son of Roderick White, a native of Springfield, Mass., and Delight (Bement) White, daughter of Dennis and Lydia (Adams) Bement. Of his early education I have learned no particulars, but it is to be supposed that he had some academical instruction to fit him for the profession which he afterwards adopted. His father removed to Hartford some time during his boyhood, and was known to me about 1833 or '34, and his son probably lived there in 1831, for I have heard that he was a student in the office of Dr. Amariah Brigham for a time. He received his medical diploma from Yale College in 1832, and his name appears among the physicians in Hartford of the same year. In 1833 and 1834 he was in practice in Manchester, from which place he removed to East Granville, Mass. About 1842 he removed to Simsbury, and became associated with Dr. Shurtleff, whose place he took after his death. He married, November 4, 1844, Elizabeth W. Hungerford, of Wolcottville, born in 1816, daughter of John Hungerford and Elizabeth Weston. In this town he remained the rest of his life, going in and out among you, doing his business in a modest, quiet, unpretending way, a way which is known to most of those whom I am addressing, much better than I can tell them about.

I knew Dr. White for many years, and was accustomed to meet him not unfrequently, in cases which were difficult, or supposed to be difficult. For it is much to his credit, and to the credit of any physician, that he should be willing that his cases should be seen by another, if so desired by friends,

even if he himself has no doubts, or considers that there is no danger. From a somewhat extended opportunity, I can say that I think no one has suffered in reputation who has willingly consented to a desired consultation, but really has gained by wishing a divided responsibility. Those few of my acquaintances who have manifested a reluctance, or who have consented only at the last moment, have, I fear, neither satisfied themselves, nor gained the good opinion of their friends. Dr. White was no such man as this, and, as far as is known, was ever willing that his patients should be gratified. The secrets of the consulting room are not to be talked about openly, for there each one is supposed to open his bosom as to a friend, and without finding fault, to seek out the quickest, the best, and the most pleasant method of cure. In such a spirit we came together, he giving briefly a history of the case, his theory of the disease, and the remedies he had used. He was not a man of many words, but what he spoke he spoke intelligently, in good, sound English terms, without holding back, or rendering it necessary to draw the information from him reluctantly, as you would draw out a tightly-pressed cork from a bottle. In all of our intercourse, which lasted for many years, there was nothing of unpleasantness which occurred, nor a divided opinion which it was necessary to combat with many words, nor an irritated feeling which was shown among the friends. In all this, there was no dependence or sense of inferiority felt on the one hand, nor of superiority on the other. It is such conduct as this which redounds to the honor of the profession, and makes us truly feel that we are brothers, willing at all times to help one another.

And this matter of conduct came to him, I suppose, not merely because he possessed a quiet, undemonstrative nature, but because he had reasoned out the truth, that a straightforward way of dealing, with no concealment, and no exaggeration, was the honest and just way, and so always the best. If he was ever injured in his feelings, and probably he was, for as a tribe we are somewhat given to oversensitiveness, he had the happy faculty of concealing it, and was not disposed to make it worse by making it public. If there is anything which seems to give supreme delight to

many, it is a knowledge of the differences or quarrels which exist among men. It may fairly be supposed that they are more gratified than they would be if the quarrel was one of their own. On one occasion only did he complain of the treatment by another practitioner who, apparently, purposely had supplanted him, and then it was in no bitter terms, but with a quiet and gentlemanly reproach, which was very natural and becoming in him, but which was not as serious as was deserved. The good nature of our friend was so manifest that he showed his Christian spirit by slight recollection of ills or of injuries. The bodily afflictions of men are sore and heavy, but they are often temporary and may be recovered from, but the mental ones "sting like an adder," and may last for a lifetime.

Dr. White was a patient, sensible practitioner; he was of fair talents, and was fairly educated in his profession. It would be folly to claim for him the high endowments of a scholar, or that he was a student of extended research; his education had not made him such; but he improved the opportunities which came within his reach, and was disposed to think for himself. And so it happens, not unfrequently, that these quiet, undemonstrative men possess a rare judgment concerning disease, and of the best remedies appropriate to its cure. It is not always the men who are most learned in the books who become the most judicious in practice. Far be it from me to say a word against the acquisition of knowledge and a close study of disease, but there belongs to some men a certain aptness or tact in the application of knowledge, which, while it is not possessed by every one, is yet a very important factor for success in our profession. Happy is he who understands fully all that he has learned, and is able to bring it into practical use.

As a physician he was judicious in prescribing, and confined himself to those remedies with which he was familiar, and of whose powers he was well assured. With these he knew what could be accomplished, and was content to employ them. As a consequence, new theories of disease, and the highly extolled virtues of new drugs, were received with something of incredulity, or were distrusted until time and employment by others had established their reputation. If any experi-

ments were to be performed, he preferred that they should be made by those who had more faith than himself. He was not the one to lead in new fashions in medicine, or in the new fashions in anything else. So conservative was his nature that he held fast to that which he knew to be good, until it was established that there was something which was better, and then he adopted it and made use of it, as he ought to have done. Such a man is firm in his medical views, his religion, and his politics ; we know how reliable he is and where we shall always find him. The discoveries and improvements in the medical art have been so great within the last fifty years that a man constituted as was Dr. White, may be excused if he does not adopt all of them at once. The vagaries of men who are "as unstable as water" had no attractions for him. Their pretended discoveries are often no discoveries at all, being merely the opinions and theories which have, long ago, been refuted and laid aside. In medicine, as in all other arts, a calm consideration will, in general, bring us to a correct conclusion. If Dr. White was not one of those who joined the crowd in any new doctrine, he was perfectly willing to follow when it satisfied his sound common sense.

He was not, I suppose, a very ambitious man, fond of notoriety and public talk. He loved his home, his town, his profession. Though not unmindful of matters beyond his immediate border, yet he did not allow himself to be so absorbed by their consideration that he was neglectful of those which were nearer to him. Unselfish and peaceful, he bore in mind the instruction of the Catechism, "not to covet or desire other men's goods, but to learn and labor truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me." It is not likely that he thought much about himself, or the consideration which would be given him, after he was gone. If one acts truly and wisely, he need not be troubled with any such idea ; the reputation will take care of itself, and his true place will be found. "Many a man sleeps unhonored." I quote from what was lately said at a meeting of the brethren :

“ Many a man sleeps unhonored who is worthy of honor; the remembrance of many a physician, perhaps of a majority, remains only with those who were personally acquainted with him. Whatever of good service he has done will meet its reward hereafter. We need not worry about the place we shall hold in the world’s history, for these places are held by but a few, and those not always the most worthy. Let us therefore use wisely the talents which are given us and see to it that through us no reproach shall fall upon our noble profession.”

What was said of Dr. White, by the Rev. Mr. Croft at the time of his burial, is so just and true that I cannot forbear to quote it :

“ He never made much excitement in the world; on the contrary, he avoided excited states and feeling; he looked at all things with a cool, clear head. He was not given to commotions and strifes. He was not an agitator, nor a theorist, nor fond of controversy, nor anything which seemed like differing from others; but rather he cultivated the fraternal feeling, and was fond of good fellowship with men; and everything that tended to make the community better, and bind the families in closer union, received his sanction and support. He had the instincts of a true, refined man, in that he never obtruded his opinions upon others, never insisted upon his own personal rights at the sacrifice of others’ rights and feelings, but yielded, sometimes, we thought, too readily yielded to the selfishness and almost impositions of others. He was so reticent and modest that he seemed to depreciate himself.”

I have confined myself mostly to my impression of him as a medical man. Others doubtless will speak to you of his general character as a good neighbor, a kind friend, an intelligent citizen of this pleasant town. I could not well refuse the request which has brought me here to-day, to say a few words in respect of my friend, and in honor of this occasion. The tender sentiment of his partner for many years, has erected this Fountain as a memorial in his honor. The pure water which flows from it should ever be a constant witness of the purity of his life. The flood of sunlight pouring its brightness upon this lovely valley to-day, is but the type of that glory which shall ever be the portion of him who has walked in “peace and quietness” upon earth.

“ How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease; . . .
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue’s friend;

“ Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.”

ADDRESS BY HORACE S. FULLER, M.D.

Standing here to-day in the midst of this beautiful valley, which in the days of yore may well have delighted the eyes and stirred the heart of the warrior chief as he watched his savage tribes from yonder rocky seat;—viewing the placid, life-giving river flowing at our feet, with the verdure-clad hills stretching away on the one hand, and the rugged rocks of Talcott Mountain rising abruptly on the other;—with these surroundings to temper the summer's heat and soften the winter's blast, we may well wonder what occupation a disciple of Æsculapius could find here. But, when we think of the derivation and meaning of the word Doctor (that is teacher), we realize that he is of use in every locality, however healthful, for the best doctor is not alone he who cures, but he who teaches how to prevent disease.

When I first met Dr. White he was already past the meridian of life, and my consultations with him were during his declining years. He was genial and dignified, a man of few words, but of decided opinions, which were worthy of great consideration on account of his large experience. Even in his last years he was desirous of learning whatever was new in his art. Although he was slow to use new remedies, he listened with attention to the suggestions of his younger brethren, and adopted such of them as his judgment approved. He was respected by the profession and loved by those who came under his care. Faithful to the end he continued in his chosen work until his last summons came, when “sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,” he approached his grave,

“ Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Dr. White was a connecting link between the past and the present. He lived in a great transition period, both in the theory and the practice of Medicine. During his professional life the most important medical discoveries were made; he was educated in a time when general blood-letting was in common use, but in less than a score of years the lancet was almost unknown. Anæsthesia, the greatest gift of man to man, was discovered by one of our own citizens, and surgery was robbed of its terrors; the hypodermic syringe first entrapped "tired nature's sweet restorer," and compelled her to sit upon the eyelids of sleepless and suffering man; the germ as a cause of disease was established, and agents for destroying it came into general use; countless remedies were recommended, and a few of them have stood the test of time. Thus, the practice of medicine became greatly changed, and the duties of the physician increased. The prevention of disease became more prominent; the physician, and especially the country physician, becomes the teacher, and in this way the benefactor of the community in which he lives.

A distinguished professor once declared that he was ashamed to say that he was sick, because it was a confession that he had done something wrong. It is true that the individual is largely responsible for his own sickness, and the state for that of the community. We have seen how small-pox, which once decimated cities and was a terror to the world, has been nearly stamped out, and could be entirely so did not stupidity and ignorance prevent; diphtheria, that most dreaded scourge, would be of rare occurrence if good sanitation and complete isolation was enforced; fevers could be greatly diminished if all would adopt proper precautions in regard to environment and the purity of drinking water. We saw a few years ago how much France did in resisting cholera by establishing a cordon of soldiers around it, and how she thus saved her own capital and adjoining countries from the pestilence. We see to-day what ignorance, fanaticism, and anarchy have done in Russia, where hospitals were destroyed and physicians killed, and the infected populace let loose to spread cholera over Europe, and to send it to our shores; and may we not hope

to see how the intelligence of our physicians may stay its onward march among our own people. Now, who but the physician is to educate the people and show them the means of preventing disease? He may be paid for alleviating pain and restoring health, but that is but a small part of his work; he is to teach you how to regulate your diet, how to remove from your homes all sources of infection, and how to secure the purest water and prevent it from pollution. In this way the physician becomes your instructor and benefactor. Such was Dr. White's mission among you. What more fitting memorial then, could there be to him and his benevolent wife than this fountain, surmounted as it is by the mythical founder of the Healing Art, holding in his hand the symbol of returning health, while its ever-flowing water may well remind us of that benevolence which ends not with their lives, but will continue to benefit generations to come?

Some would choose a brazen statue,
Some a marble bust, forsooth;
We, this running fountain offer,
Symbol of perpetual youth.

ADDRESS BY REV. EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

I trust that I may be pardoned if, as I stand amid these surroundings, I recall those early college days, when I used to spend some of my vacations in riding through the woods and open fields of this beautiful valley, and over these hills; or in wandering through the meadows, and fishing in the brooks, where, I presume, trout no more are found. In those days of my stay in the home of my sister I remember how her husband, returning from his professional visits, was sometimes met by the anxious inquiry of the wife after this or that patient in whose serious illness she could not fail to bear her share of interest. In those days I marked the qualities that characterized Dr. White during the whole of his life — a great loyalty to his ideal of his profession, an absence of all show, an honesty above pretense, and a scientific spirit above quackery. I assent to and rejoice in those modest estimates of the man that have found expres-

sion here to-day, and I find in them the true significance of the memorial which a loving wife has caused to be erected to his memory. This fountain is not a tribute to exceptional intellectual ability or professional skill, nor to a reputation won under the stimulating competitions of city life; it is a memorial of that modest worth which a man may show in a retired community removed from competitive ambitions; of loyalty to an ideal preserved through fifty years of self-sacrificing activity among these homes—an activity inspired by a sense of duty that did not stop to consider whether sufferers could pay if they would, or would pay if they could, but worked on to the end in beneficent and kindly ministries. I rejoice in this fountain because it is a memorial of a plain country doctor—a recognition of that kind of greatness that does not too often win recognition among us, but that is not seldom manifested in rural life, far away from the rushing crowd, by those who are divinely appointed to places comparatively obscure, in which they determine to stay and labor because they will be true to their lot. To do this, caring little for applause or for pecuniary gain, but mindful of honesty and truth and the affections of humble homes, deserves all the honor that we can bring to a country doctor by our celebration here.

I rejoice, too, in that this monument is a fitting recognition of a profession the members of which are too seldom honored by memorials of this kind; and I congratulate the physicians who have come here to participate in these ceremonies on this public commemoration of the life-long service of one of their brethren. Who can tell how much is signified by fifty years of such service as was rendered by Dr. White? What days of weary toil among these hills and valleys, under the noonday heat of summer, or in the bitter cold of winter? What exhaustion through physical and mental strain, intensified by a sympathetic nature—an exhaustion that was too often denied relief in nature's sweet restorer on account of the sudden call of distress that sent the toiler out again into the night and the storm? What a record has been made here by this long period of

service — a record which draws from all hearts an earnest approval of this public recognition !

To the perpetuation of the memory of such a life this massive structure of granite has been erected out of a conjugal affection, which we have endeavored to symbolize by that double medallion carved upon its base ; and to this memorial use we now dedicate it. We dedicate it as a token of that peaceful union of two lives, that were permitted to flow on together through so many years, in an age of, we fear, too fickle affections — a happy example of domestic purity, contentment, and helpfulness. We dedicate it to the honoring of that profession of which Dr. White was a worthy member, and which he adorned by his many virtues and by his scientific spirit. Very appropriately has the profession chosen for its symbol the figure of Esculapius, whose serious and thoughtful face looking into the far distance we have here copied from an antique model. What an honorable roll of names does that profession claim from the Grecian annals, through the Arabian list of physicians, who were also philosophers, down to the Middle Ages of Europe and to our own time ! It is a record of devotion to science and humanity, of sacrifices made and perils encountered, whether in the search for knowledge by the dissection of the dead, or in ministries to the living smitten by pestilence. To be a member of such a profession is an honor which any of us might covet ; to have been a worthy member of it deserves praise beyond our poor resources of language to bestow. To the honoring of that profession we dedicate this fountain with its fluent ministries.

And we dedicate it to the beneficent work it shall do for this community ; to its educational influence over the pupils who from generation to generation shall gather in yonder schoolhouse, and who shall play around this consecrated green, and shall dabble in these crystal waters, while they think of the possibilities here suggested to a life spent in obscure though manifold services. We dedicate it to the neighbors and friends who shall pass along this highway, and turn to drink, or to let their dumb creatures drink, of this bountiful supply. Even the dogs shall find provision for their thirst in the basin placed within their reach.

And may we not dedicate it, dear friends, to that wider public, to the travelers from distant places who, on foot or riding or driving, shall pass this way in the dust and heat of long summer days, and shall be glad at the sight of this dripping stream as it flows for their refreshing. To all these of this present day and of the days to come—yes, may we not say of the ages to come?—we dedicate this structure, which we have made beautiful and strong in order that it may well fulfill its mission. Oh! long may it stand untouched by vandal hands and unharmed by any disorder of civil commotion, or by any catastrophe of nature! Long may these waters flow, and may all who listen to their murmur discern therein the words which we have not inappropriately caused to be engraved at the close of yonder inscription :

Defunctus adhuc ministrat!

ADDRESS OF REV. HORACE WINSLOW.

In behalf of the people of the town, and especially of Weatogue, I would state that it is with profound respect for the memory of Dr. and Mrs. White, and an appreciation of the generous endorsement of Mrs. White's purpose by these brothers, and their co-operation for the completion of the work, we accept this beautiful fountain.

This community realized a great and sore loss when Dr. and Mrs. White were called hence to their heavenly home. For fifty years the Doctor had been the guardian of the health of this town. For this period it was on his arm that the people relied when disease made its attack. They recognized his professional ability, and his noble manhood. All this is fresh in our minds to-day. We miss his presence in our streets, his cheer and gladness in our homes.

In the interest of humanity and the welfare of social life, physicians hold an important position, and I know of no body of men who more nobly honor their profession.

When an epidemic or contagious disease invades a community, the physician is first thought of, and his presence is cheer and gladness. He goes everywhere, among the

rich and the poor alike, in the day and in the night, in the heat and in the cold, with pay or without pay. He goes promptly at the call of the rich and the poor, to those who pay and those who cannot pay, and to such as are too mean to pay when they can. The members of this profession are conspicuous as manifesting a noble manhood. Such was Dr. White. This half century is filled with testimony to the high regard in which he was held by the people of this town. Homes all through these valleys and on these hills have been recipients of his self-denying and generous service.

It is fitting that this memorial structure is located here at Weatogue, for it was here that the Doctor made his home for these years.

A long line of physicians who honored their profession and had gone hence before him, resided here, and I am told that all the principal practitioners of the town, and as I judge, from the first resided at Weatogue ; and not till Dr. White was no more seen in our streets, and the accomplished and promising young physician located at Simsbury, did the change come. And it may be well for us to accept the results of modern evolution, and congratulate our northern neighbors on the possession of a resident practitioner.

There is also a fitness in the location of this fountain here at Weatogue, as it is but perpetuating the Doctor's work for the good of the people, causing it to pass on into the ages. The water which supplies this fountain is from living springs—inexhaustible. It flows through the cold of winter and the heat of summer—not simply for this fountain and for travelers, both man and beast, but abundant for the people of this locality. It can come into all these homes a refreshing stream of life, continually reminding us of “the beloved physician.”

It is well to hold in mind the notable deeds of the past, and to honor the men having been uplifting forces in the cheer, comfort, and health of the community.

The fifty years' service of Dr. White, with a long list of like-minded men preceding him, is deserving of recognition, and there is an appropriateness in this graceful foun-

tain erected to his memory — beautiful in its fashioning, a fountain of living water, symbolizing the Doctor's work ; for it was in saving human life and making that life more abundant, that he served.

We live not in a dead but a live world, and our material surroundings should be in harmony with social culture and intellectual elevation, and our streets and homes should indicate the presence of refinement.

God has thrown up around us in material nature grandeur and magnificence ; hills beautiful, and mountains sublime ; dotted the land with lakes and woven it with brooks ; and monuments erected to the memory of noble helpers who have gone on before us should be an addition to the material attraction of their surroundings, as it is in this noble gift.

We accept the trust committed to us, and we will guard this fountain with religious zeal, allowing no vandal hand to mar its beauty ; and on through the generations, as the living waters shall flow, it will be a testimony to noble lives that have blessed the people.

REMARKS OF HENRY P. STEARNS, M.D.

It was not my good fortune to know much of the life of Dr. White, but I understand that during the years in which he went in and out among this people he made the record of a *good physician*.

It is fitting that such a life be honored ; and what more appropriate for the purpose than a fountain of water. As the sight of the good physician is most welcome to the sick, so is the sight of water to the thirsty. Whose heart has not been quickened in its action at the sight of it, whether in the sparkling cascades which tumble down these hillsides or in the majestic sweep of the billows of the ocean ? We live and breathe by its influence and our bodies are held in a kind of solution by its pervasive power. Hence in the very first account we have of the habitation of the race it is stated that "a river went out of Eden to water the garden."

The historian, in presenting a résumé of the achieve-

ments of one of the three greatest kings who ever ruled over the Hebrews, says that "he had exceeding riches and honor ; and he made for himself treasuries for silver, and for gold, and for precious stones ; and for spices, and for shields ; and for all manner of pleasant jewels ; storehouses also for the increase of corn, and wine, and oil ; and stalls for all manner of beasts, and cotes for flocks. Moreover he provided him cities, and possessions of flocks and herds in abundance, for God had given him substance very much." And finally, as if it was the greatest of all his achievements, he says that the king dammed up the water courses of the river Gihon and brought the water down in another way to the west side of the royal city, where he constructed a great fountain or pool.

The emperors of Rome brought water to the city from the distant mountains, and filled it with fountains, and pools, and with every form of luxuriant baths, and their names have come down the ages linked with the history of these great achievements.

Such useful monuments, erected either by those whose names they bear, or by their friends, therefore, have the sanction both of civilization and antiquity. I do not, however, remember to have heard or read of a fountain being erected in honor of a physician. Such an indication of esteem and honor seems, in this country, at least, to have remained for this day and place. And yet what could be more appropriate? From time immemorial water has been the synonym for cleansing and healing. It is meted out to us in our earliest and latest experiences of earth. So, too, it is the physician who stands by us at the two gateways of earthly existence. He welcomes us to both the joyful and sad experiences of life, and helps us sometimes in our passage to the next life. He it is who stands by us in our hours of extremest need and suffering. He lulls us into the blessedness of an unconscious sleep ere he cuts our flesh, saws our bones, or extracts our cuspids. He explores with curious eye and delicate touch the secret recesses of our chests, and plunges painless needles and sutures into the texture of our vital parts. He bathes our feverish brows and moistens our parched tongues. He passes on in closest

companionship with us into the realm of mind, and when reason totters, listens to the discord of our delusions. He answers the question which Shakespeare asked so many years ago, "Who shall minister to the mind diseased?" by the breaking of fetters and chains; loosing those who are bound and placing them in homes of beauty and amid gardens of loveliness. He listens to our sad secrets if we have any, and comes into a closer relation to our poor weak humanity than any other human being. He may speak to us at times a more joyful message than any other person in the wide world, and, alas! it becomes his duty sometimes to give us the saddest. He is the friend of the poor and the rich, and ministers to all alike, in conditions of suffering. He sees humanity at its worst and its weakest, and no man bears in his heart so many sad memories of his fellowmen. He wrests hope from the jaws of despair and bears a smile in the presence of death. Ah! who can tell what has been done for him by the good physician?

Again, I say that it is fitting that such a life be honored by a fountain of *living water*. Scientists tell us that the beginnings of life occur in water, that bioplasmic substance with life in its simplest forms is found buried in its depths, where it germinates, and whence it radiates in all the infinite varieties which cover the earth. It is the good physician who watches for the first movement in the human form divine which announces its presence, and for the last which tells of its departure. His lifelong study is how he may best conserve it, and no human life is so useless in his view that it is not worthy of his best effort to save it.

The good deeds of your physician-friend will live long in what you have consummated here to-day. The sick will no longer listen during the weary hours of the silent night for the sound of his coming footsteps. No more words of hope or comfort will he speak to the despondent. He has gone where there shall be no more sickness nor pain, and where no inhabitant shall say,—I have need of a physician. But you will be reminded by this emblem so refreshing to look upon—so pure, so symbolic of life—of the good deeds he has done among you, and the record of which we may believe has been written in the book of life itself.

and beauty. And while it pays a fit tribute of love and respect to your old friend and physician, it also honors the profession at large ; so that we are most heartily moved to join with you in these dedicatory rites.

We appreciate the fitness of this place for this monumental tribute, in the very pivotal center of his life and activities, and in the midst of all this beauty of surroundings. On the summit of yonder mountain I have often looked out over this valley to the mountains beyond. And I have been as much enchanted and uplifted by the view as when standing upon some Alpine heights I have looked down into the valley of the Rhine, the Rhone, or the Arve. There, indeed, I saw more of sublime, sometimes of awful, grandeur — those mountain tops crested with the snows of eternal winter, and those valleys so profound that objectivity was lost. But from these mountain summits all stands out in beauty of form and outline — the meadow, the field, the hamlets, the groves, the highways, and the meandering river — all girded in with these mountains round about, which, when they feel the vernal breath, hasten to put on the verdure of summer — a glorious picture in a glorious setting. This monumental fountain complements the picture. It calls to mind the lines of Edmund Spenser in the “Faerie Queene” :

“ And in the midst of all a fountain stood
Of richest substance that on earth might bee.”

In the midst of all let the fountain stand, *in memoriam*, to tell to the generations unborn the simple story of the life to which we dedicate it. Had he done some great and heroic deed, had he marked out some new pathway in medical science, had he made some great discovery whereby his name would have been heralded over the world, you might have chosen some other design. But in the quiet of his life, continually day and night ministering to the wants and to the relief of his fellow-citizens, what better design could you have chosen than that which, in its use, meets the most imperative want of our natures ?

Again let us repeat what we have already said, that as this fountain honors him, so it will our profession.



You could not have a higher or more worthy object of your regard. No profession or department of study has made such progress in the last forty years. The discovery of anæsthesia to abolish suffering has driven pain and groaning from the earth. The discovery of the germ origin of disease stays the plague and the pestilence. The cholera has again left its old home on the Ganges, and has advanced along the highway of pilgrimages to Persia and Russia, and invaded civilized Europe. But here we believe it can only be sporadic. Europe has found its germ origin, knows its method of invasion, and how it can be limited. These things illustrate a wonderful progress in our profession; it can, not only bind up the wounds of every-day life, but can say to the plague and the pestilence, thus far and no further.

Let the fountain remain to give to all the dwellers here its object-lessons in beauty. The longer it stands, so much the more will it grow in beauty, and in harmony with the loveliness in which it is placed. I know not how to define the beautiful; how much is due to form and outline, to blending of colors, to the nicety of adaptation to use, or to the inherent virtues of the good and the true. While it is a blending of all these fundamental qualities, who can give the varying atomic proportions? We know the beautiful when we see it before us as in this fountain; and you, ladies, know also that when you place some beautiful object in your parlor or drawing-room some ugly thing goes out. What would Paris be without her Place de la Concorde, her Champs Elysees, and her Palace Royal? And what would these beautiful places be without their magnificent fountains? Versailles, where Louis XIV expended fabulous sums (said to be two hundred million dollars) in palace, in gardens, and in fountains, would probably be abandoned to-day by republican France except for her renowned fountains — the most magnificent in the world.

Likewise this fountain will serve as an object-lesson in sanitary progress and purity, as well as in beauty. Dr. White, you may remember, when he found a case of typhoid fever or any malignant disease in any of these dwellings, looked to the water supply. He sought to find the contaminating sources.

The great question that is being studied most to-day the world over is how to keep the water supply of our dwellings and that flowing through the country pure and sparkling as this fountain. Some of you can remember this Farmington River when it was clear and pellucid, but now it is growing from year to year murky with impurities; your fish are dying. But the bubbling springs, the rivulets, and the rivers should be as pure as this crystal fountain. This can be done when man, instead of turning the impurities of earth into the channels of our rivers, will let the solar influence transform them into food for vegetative life. Unless this is done the rivers are polluted, and miasm as a fog covers the valleys. What can be done when the towns and States at the head-waters of our rivers, and over which we have no control, are accessory to the pollution? And it is a long look ahead before public opinion can command national legislation.

But this fountain will minister refreshment and strength to the weary traveler, to the tired laborer, and to all, man and beast; only let memory in thankfulness and love, keep and hold the name here enshrined. And may Heaven vouchsafe to us all, as we lift our eyes whither we trust he has gone, in reverent faith and hope, to get a clearer view of the apocalyptic vision of "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," and to hear that Voice, none other than the Divine, saying, "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

ADDRESS OF MR. RODNEY DENNIS,

President of the Connecticut Humane Society.

Read by G. P. DAVIS, M.D.

This celebration is one of great interest to the members of the Connecticut Humane Society, over which State organization I have at present the honor to preside.

To-day, this ancient and historic town, in these formal proceedings, pays tribute to the thoughtful generosity of a

beloved citizen and physician, together with his wife, who, dying, delegated to their survivors the welcome task of erecting this enduring memorial.

For well nigh fifty years, Dr. Roderick Adams White drove through this beautiful Farmington valley, and up and down these picturesque hillsides, in the assiduous practice of a profession that has for its prime object the relief of human suffering. He fell at last at his post, engaged in the contest against pestilence and disease. And yet, how soon such men are forgotten, except by those who fought by their side the same battle, and at the family hearth where blighted hopes are crushed.

When the warrior, covered with blood from the battlefield, is borne back in the chilly embrace of death, a grand funeral pageant proclaims his greatness to the world, and his deeds are emblazoned on the drooping flags which are borne along with the cortege. But when the physician-soldier falls in combating the ruthless tyrant, often in forms which cause the warrior's cheek, who has fought his hundred battles, to blanch and his soul to quail, no dirges are sounded for him, no pæans are chanted in honor of his bravery, and over his tomb no "storied urn or animated bust" is raised.

We can well conjecture that the instinct of compassion, warm within the breast of the good physician, was constantly stimulated by the practice of his noble profession, until a purpose was formed in his mind to include in his humane solicitude, for those who survived and those who should come after him, the wants and comforts of the animal creation. Perchance, the fidelity and patience of his own horse prompted him to wish to leave here, beside this familiar highway, a testimony to his grateful recognition, of the help and companionship of a well-loved servant. This wish, by the co-operation of his wife, has materialized in the practical form before us which this day you dedicate. This fresh flowing water, accessible alike to the citizen and the wayfarer, to the birds of the air and the thirsty animal, brings refreshment to all and inspires a feeling of gratitude, which may not be less real because it must be wordless, in the inhabitants of the sky and field.

As civilization advances, the growth of humane sentiment becomes more and more evident. Organized prevention of cruelty and suffering takes its place among the Christianizing forces and finds a support among the best people of every caste and belief, and in nearly every clime.

From the same source whence springs the impulse of compassion toward the human race, must come the feeling of pity for the animal creation.

The Queen of England, Frances Power Cobbe, and many others prominent among the just and tender-hearted, have voiced the sentiment that no civilization is complete which does not include and protect all the dumb and defenseless of God's creatures. According to Henry Ward Beecher: "Society owes to the horse a debt of gratitude a thousand times greater than it does to thousands of men who abuse him. He has ministered to progress; has made social intercourse possible where otherwise it would have been slow and occasional or altogether impossible. He has virtually extended the strength of man, augmented his speed, doubled his time, decreased his burdens, and, becoming his slave, has released him from drudgery and made him free. For love's sake, for the sake of social life, for eminent moral reasons, the horse deserves to be bred and cared for with scrupulous care."

The fame of this community has extended beyond these embosoming hills. Names familiar on this village street, and under these outlying roofs for generations, have been long honored in the councils of the nation and of the commonwealth, as well as in the army and in the marts of trade, while lives of conspicuous ability and integrity have been and are crowned with all that wealth and culture can bestow. The streams and rills of charity that this wealth has supplied have flowed into and blessed the lives of the deprived and disadvantaged, both at home and abroad, and the names of the donors are written in grateful hearts here, and anon by the pen of the Recording Angel in the Book of Life.

Whatever of these treasures any of us possess or obtain, it is our privilege to consecrate. We, in turn, as did the

forefathers who sleep in yonder churchyard the sleep that knows no waking — we, too, when we join the innumerable procession, can leave behind us, as they have, and as good Dr. White did, each in his own way, memorials which are grateful, helpful, and enduring.

ADDRESS BY F. L. HUNGERFORD, ESQ.

Mr. F. L. Hungerford, a brother of Mrs. White, after referring to the desire Mrs. White had expressed to him in her lifetime, to provide a suitable memorial for her husband, and the circumstances under which her will was made, and expressing the thanks of the trustees to the town of Simsbury for providing a permanent location for the fountain, to the several land-owners who had donated a right of way for carrying the water, and especially to Mr. D. Stuart Dodge, who, in various ways, had generously assisted the trustees in carrying out their undertakings, proceeded as follows:

If it is true, as some suppose, that our friends who have gone from this life are acquainted with what is transpiring upon the earth, Dr. and Mrs. White must be interested in these exercises in which many of their loved friends and neighbors are taking part.

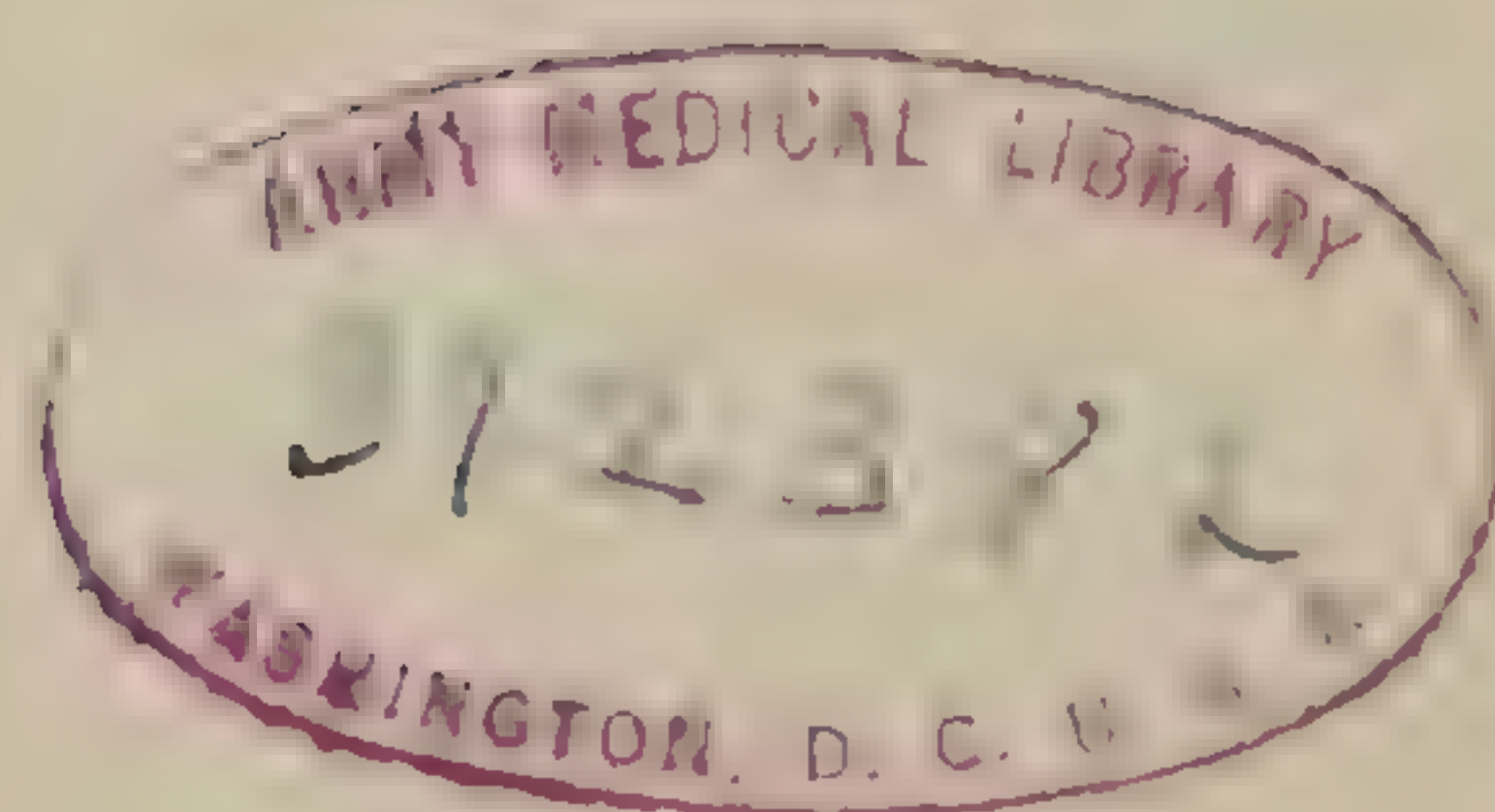
Your presence here to-day is indicative of your respect and esteem for your beloved physician, who, for so many years, by day and by night, visited the homes of this people for miles around, bringing relief to the suffering and consolation to the afflicted.

The erection of this memorial fountain and these exercises in which we are engaged, would, however, be simple mockery were there not behind it all a life so full of self-sacrifice and service that, by common consent, these neighbors and friends could attest that it was fittingly typified by this pile which we have to-day dedicated to its memory.

The lesson to be learned from Dr. White's life and from these exercises seems to me to be this: That that life is most beneficent and approaches most nearly to the ideal

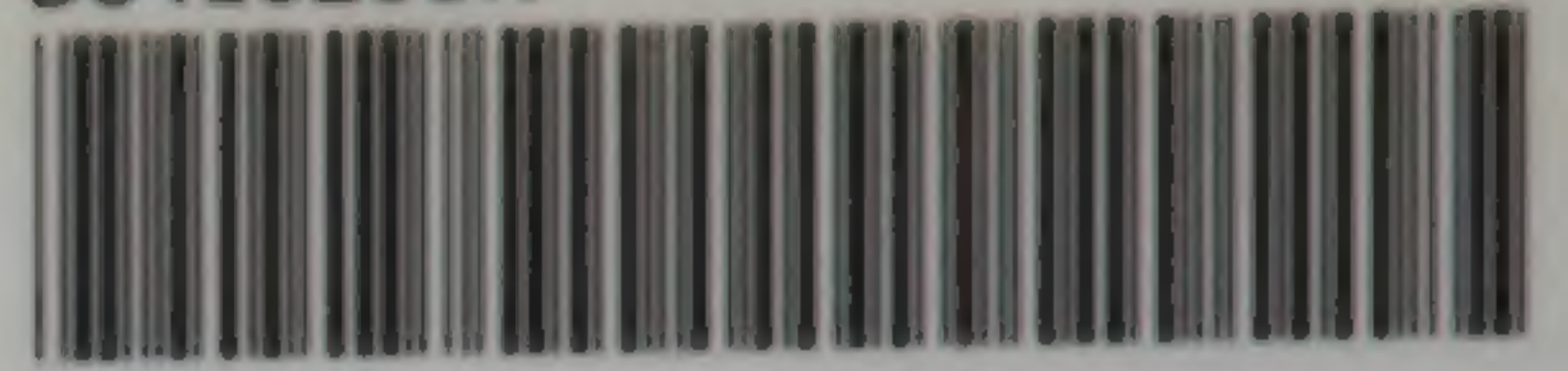
of true greatness that is most helpful to others. So far as I know, Dr. White, never in his lifetime, did anything that, according to the world's idea, was very great, and certainly, he never received much of the world's honors; but in his allotted place, for a long period of years, he so faithfully and devotedly gave himself to the ministrations of others, that, when his friends sought some fitting symbol of his life, it was best found in this fountain with its constantly flowing and refreshing water.

I take this occasion to emphasize what I have chosen to call the lesson of Dr. White's life, because, in these days, true greatness and the highest success is supposed so largely to consist in high-sounding titles or in high places, whereas, to my thinking, it consists in none of these things at all. If this enduring monument, in telling the simple story of the life it commemorates, shall, to some degree, teach to the youth of coming generations the great lesson, so true and yet so hard to learn, that he is greatest who serves his fellows most and best, it will bless the people of this community, not only or most by its refreshing waters, but by inspiring them and those who come after them with new zeal to deal kindly, to be charitably disposed one to another, and to live unselfishly.



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